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CORRIDOR 13

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Živana, 20 , Rile's spouse

Rile, 30, intelectual, cosmosophe, Zivana's spouse

Gile, 30 , smuggler

Mile, , politician

Mister Pit, 60, American manufacturer

Time and space:

Today, I guess, in the country called Corridor 13

Notice: All sentences in Serbian are put here to suggest that this is an old, almost extinguished Corridorian language. Native language of all Corridorians is English, of course.

Scene one

(Scene is bare, bathing in dirty yellowish light. Aisles are on the left and right side of the stage. In the middle of the stage, surrounded with red line is circle which

represents Corridor 13. In the middle of the Corridor are three rusty looking, booths(from now on: Objects 1, 2, 3). They look like simple Serbian booth called „tezga“ , with thin tin roof, four bars keeping it up and lower part, also made of tin where all the goods and inhabitants,in this case, are. Tezga resembles some objects from flea markets all over the Europe. There are two objects on the left: OBJECT 1 is turned towards the audience, with big satellite dish on the top, OBJECT 2: with big and dried out plant of tree of life. On the right is OBJECT 3: adorned with poster of happy family in sports outfit, piece of grass in front, painted up, adorned with symbols of non existing companies like: Coka Coka, Major Electronic, Hell, Microhard etc. Outside of the circle, near its edges, are piñadas representing different countries: Eifel Tower, Big Ben, shamrock, Statue of Liberty, even a donkey - the original piñada itself.OBJECT 2: barking and barfing, out comes Zivana. She fixes her hair, dress, puts her make up on and runs along the edge of the circle, as long as director wants and actress can take.Every time she comes near the edge voice of a woman echoes, with robotised yet hot-line kind of tone)

Voice of a woman (OFF): Access denied, access denied, access denied, access denied,access denied!Get back to Corridor 13! Access denied!

(Zivana stops,breathing slowly, shaking, she lights a cigarette,takes few smokes,caughs and continues running)

Voice of a woman (OFF):: Access denied, access denied, access denied, access denied,access denied!

(Zivana falls down,exhausted and then crawls back to OBJECT 2. BUMPING IN OBJECT,OFF. Zivana comes out with baseball

bat and tries to, standing on the edge of the circle, kick piñadas, every single one of them. She doesn't achieve that)
Voice of a woman(OFF): Access denied, access denied, access denied, access denied, access denied!

(Živana throws a baseball bat to the Liberty Statue and it flies away, through the right aisle. Živana spits over the red line. Explosion, off. Živana falls on her back and crawls back, aching, to OBJECT 2. OBJECT 1: Gile, yawning, crawls out of it, then puts on the object toilet-paper, tuna fish cans, cigarttes, all kinds of cleaning devices. He makes a posture of a successful businessman)

G: Wake up, Corridor 13 and arise! Tuna, asswipe, detergents, cigarettes, detergent, tuna, cigarettes, and vice versa! What you see is what you get, below the price and above the expectations! Come on people, don't you look so down, new stuff is here in town! Change of weather, stroke of luck, tuna helps you to f...think! Tuna is good for you makes you strong and clever too! I almost sold out everything and when I sell everything is always something in a stash! Come on people, the best merchandise in Corridor 13! Seize the day! Corpus diem! Below the priceeee!

(OBJECT 2: Živana crawls out and then drags Rile out of it. Rile is resisting)

R: No way, Živana, this is my categorical imperative!

Ž: Way! And your empty belly is your categorical imperative!

R: Not necessarily. And it's carpe diem, not corpus diem!

(Rile crawls back)

Ž(softly): Rile, Ricky, please come out!

(Pause)

G: What's up neighbouritta, problems in marriage again? CCCC!

Ž: (to Gile) Up yours, Gile! (to Rile) Come out or I will pull out your ears!

R(off): My ears are small!

Ž: As everything else! Is it OK, to send me out to shopping again ?

R(off): So what? Tuna gives me rash and diarrhea, winds too, asswipe gives me hemorrhoids, I don't smoke and I am allergic on detergents.

Ž: Pussy! Get your boney ass right here!

R(off): Nope! My being here is absurd and therefore I refuse to participate in it's further deconstruction!

(Rile slams the door. Živana breathes in and moves towards OBJECT 1)

Ž: I have sinned and Lord made me pay for my sins! The penalty was just: marrying intellectual and cosmopope, no less!

G: What's wrong with this guy, anyway?

Ž: I just said it. Thank God we don't have any children! Oh, if he could only take pity on me and hook up with that politician Mile and sell his pride. Next stop will be Paris or Vienna - being ambassador or something! But, he wants to stay here, to have his inspiration!

G: And inspiration it is! You won't find a bullshit like this elsewhere!

Ž: Oh, I feel crisis around here.

G: In your purse?

Ž: Yeap. Do you know that I have ability to smell the money, big cash I mean, 100 kilometers from here! I have a knack for that, women instinct, you know.

G: Is that so?

Ž: Yeap, been sniffing for days and nothing. The world is in big crisis.

G: It's better to lose that feel because you won't smell no money here.

Ž: Cut the crap and tell me what you've smuggled out today.

G: Here, neighbouritta, fresh tuna, grabbed out by it's balls five years ago on the banks of Malaya.

Ž: Malaya? Mhmmm!

G: How much?

Ž: Gimme one.

G: Just one?

Ž: We must fast today.

G: Is that so?

Ž: Aha. Today is Saint Ralph Liar's Day. St. Ralph Liar is Rile's saint protector.

G: Here. Anything else?

Ž: Cigarettes. Ten packs.

G: Yeap, ten packs. Smoked all ten packs yesterday. You are right, ten packs a day, that's nothing. You can smoke'em all as you say »tobacco industries«.

Ž: Detergent too.

G: Right! Can't wear the same clothes within a year without rinsing it!

Ž: Are you pulling my leg?

G: Nope, just wondering how you gonna pay it.

(Živana sticks Gile's finger in her mouth)

Ž: You know how.

G: Živana, Živana, you are quite lively today!

Ž: I'll be lively and you take it slow.

(Gile licks her finger few times, turns around him, and then quickly grabs her arm and drags her to OBJECT 1. Love cries, off, about 5 seconds. Door opens. Živana steps out, fixing her clothes. Gile fixes his pants and zipper on them. Rile comes out of OBJECT 1 with his typewriter and

paper, not paying any attention to them. Rile sits by the tree of life and starts typing. Gile notices his appearance, and, could blooded, takes out a bag, puts groceries in it and gives a weak smile to Živana)

G: Thank you for buying our food. Come again.

(Živana nods to him and walks to Rile shaking her bottom. Gile is fondling his chin with great pleasure, looking at her)

G: Tuna, like it was dragged out yesterday from our grand river Morava! The best fish, like fish called Wanda! Real good one, ohh, mama! Dig in! There is no such thing as bad leftovers for good pigs! Buy it!

(Živana crawls back in OBJECT 2. Jangling of cuttlery, off)

G: Hey, smartass, have you noticed that our authorities keep quiet these days?

(Gile shows towards OBJECT 3)

R: I don't have time for politics time for politics. It's nothing but stinky business.

G: Right, but, don't you find it suspicious anyway?

R: Suspicion breeds the greatest truths.

G: Which means?

R: Which means that you can actually find one of these truths. Someday, maybe sooner.

G: Interesting. Kinda. What are you up to with that typewriter?

R: I am writing an essay about spanky-wanky-screwing.

G: Beg your pardon? Baking powder? You intellectuals are so perverted? Kinky, ay? I wonder what you're doing with Živana, huh? (a parte) Phew, I don't wanna know that!

R: Nothing kinky at all. Pere Ubu, the one from Alfred Jarry's play, tortured his biggest opponents with spanky-

wanky-screwing. He didn't throw them to hellish pits, cut their limbs off or things like that. Spanky-wanky-screwing remained sort of mystery, like the most perfect form of torture. Spanky-wanky-screwing, that's metaphysical nihilism! Worse than Spanish inquisition!

G: Chains, bondage, s&M?

R: Nothing as such.

G(singing): O, o, o, spanky-wwanky-screwing, I told you so! What's that, in your opinion, I mean...

R: Spanky-wanky-screwing? Small but constant pain.

G: Stop thinking about it. There is no use from your babbling, analyzing and philosophical bullshit. I know what spanky-wanky-screwing is!

R: Really? So, what it is?!

G: Spanky-wanky-screwing is living here in Corridor 13. It hurts a bit but pains don't kill you. I mean, it hurts constantly, you feel that life is a bitch (or beach to some) and then you die. It may hurt in afterlife as well but it's not proven!

(Rile, stunned, puts away his typewriter. He rushes towards Gile and starts kissing him)

R: That's it! Heureka!

G: That's not it! *Pusti me čoveče, nisam peder!*

R: What did you say?

G: Few words of our forgotten language. It means: let me go man, I'm straight!

R: No, no, no, I am not sexually harassing you.

G: No? So, what are you up to?

R: You just don't get it, do you? You are the thinker, practical thinker of the facts of life. Sure, that's it! I should've listened to the voice of simple people. You don't

believe in futile disputes, just common sence! Oh, thank you, dear God, I will listen to people more often!

M(off,with pathos): No one listens to people like I do!

(Typical American icecream truck arrives, with carnival music. Pit drives it and following him, as a trailer, placed in his car, drives in Mile. Rile and Gile are frozen in a pose of brotherly love)

ICECREAM TRUCK MUSIC: »You scream, I scream,
We all want ice cream!«

(Icecream truck parks (lorry-further on)is in the middle of the scene. Mile opens the door of the lorry whistling „!Bože pravde“ (Lord of justice, Serbian national anthem). He is helping Pit to exit the lorry. Pit is dressed up like ice cream man trying to become Uncle Sam. They shake hands, photograph-flashes burst out, they make fake warm smiles, posing as statesmen. Mile steps forward. Živanaputs her head through OBJECT 2)

M: May god save Corridor for ever and ever! Dear citizens of Corridor 13...

Ž: Rile,circus has arrived! Come on, Rile, I know you like clowns.

R: Nope. I am scared of them.

G: me too. Scared shitless.

M: So, dear citizens...

Ž: Rile, let the Gile be, it's morning news! Cant you see?

M(with higher tone): Dear citizens of Corridor 13, I present you Mr.Pit,an American industrial, a man with the vision who payed us visit and hence gave us enormous honour. Mr.Pit...

(Pit doesn't pay attention to Mile. Pit opens his lorry and starts taking merchandise out of it)

M: Ah, Mr. Pit, always busy. That's the West, that's an entrepreneur! (Rile alughs) So, Mr. Pit has decided to invest in our country, our economy no less, and, for the beginning, as a small token, everyone gets an icecream.

EVERYBODY (amazed): An icecream?

R: Is it safe?

M: Well, it is still in it's experimental phase in non-Western countries.

(Pit gives an icecream to anyone, just like giving a candy to a baby. Icecream is painted red, white and blue.

Corridorians are licking, spitting and cursing for themselves, even Mile. Yet, no one is complaining)

M: Thank you Mr. Pit in behalf of our fatherland.

(Mile shakes hands with Mr. Pit and stains him with icecream)

P: Fuck!

(Mile is stunned)

G: Nice folks, these Yankies!

R: You never can tell that he represents foreign power. He looks lika a street dealer.

Ž: And you were raised in Windsor, you dirty mouthed pigs?

M: Mr. Pit, please accept my humble apologies in the name of citizens. Dunno what to do, I got so emotional you know, because of business and future of our two countries and stuff. You know, we are emotional, kind hearted nation. We have expressive, Slavic soul and Balkan heart plus touch of Orient with few drops of Greek, Latin, Thrace and Celtic blood. It's a horrible mixture that won't turn well!

P: I forgive you all because in God I trust!

Ž: Mr. Pit, I have a soar throat!

R: That's because you ate it all!

P: No problemo: Hiper-soda is here, soda for new millenium!
And if you are interested in it we have glasses,
bracelets, chewing tobacco, moonshine and Native American
blankets from Wild West times!

R: With small pox virus on it? Nice!

Ž: Quick, I am choking!

R: Are you OK? Honey?

Ž: Up yours!

(He gives Živana a soda, she drinks up, spits out caughing
even more. Živana lights a cigarette and recuperates
herself. Mile takes icecreams from stunned Corridorians and
walks to his car, opens a trunk and puts everytihing,
including a soda cup in big black bag. Pit walks slowly to
the lorry and looks through its shutter)

P: T-t-that's all folks!

(Pit shuts a shutter)

G: *Ama ljudi, šta se ovo poradi!?* I mean, what happened
here?

M: Hahahaha, »t-t-that's all folks«! Have you heard our
benefactor? American, homersimpsonian witt!

(Mile enters his car and drives them to OBJECT 3)

R: His kindness is still in my mouth and I can't spit it
out.

Ž: He is nice man, you know. It ain't his fault that his
goods are not updated.

R: Mile, where did you get this fraud?

Mile fondles his »poster familly« and enters object)

M(towards Gile): Him? Don't know the man. He is smuggling
without my consent.

R: I was referring to...

(Mile shuts the door)

R: This is unexcusable! What is this Yankee doing here? Who sent him, who called him?

G: His folks sent him, Mile accepted him!

R: Who the fuck, if I may express myself this way, voted for Mile?

G: Well, let me think. Ah, got it. Živana, you, me.

Ž: In the end it's all the same: men and politics.

(Živana enters OBJECT 2)

R: He gave us nice presents!

G: Aha. We did the same thing to other people in 27 past wars. Small gifts, big bombs.

R: You did, you mean?!

Ž and G: What?

R: I never voted for nationalists like you two. Let me tell you - something's fishy here! Seems that he is ice cream dealer, but it is only a smoke screen.

G: Then wait for the moment when he will reveal himself.

R: No can do! My duty is to take part in politics! Us, intellectuals have an moral obligation to do so!

G: Forget about the politics, no one made career out of it! Except Mile, and Pit, and many others... Oh, I am so full of shit!

(Živana looks thorough the door)

Ž: Rile, get yourself down here! Your categorical imperative is getting cold!

G: Your what?

R: That's how she calls tuna with tuna. Can't take it anymore.

G: So you don't.

R: Empty belly knows no pride, my Corridorian brother.

(Rile, like Frankenstein, crawls in OBJECT 2)

G: Živana knows that better than you.

(Dark)

Scene two

(Scene is darkened. Pit looks through the shutter. He is wearing the stetson hat on his head. He is playing his trumpet. »Morning« of Edward Grieg, Peer Gynt suite. Then,

with mild expression on his face, Louis Armstrong - like smile, turns to audience. Humming of engines, earthquake effects, bumping, thumping, off. Lights are on. Objects are shaking, lights are turning to orange. Pit is extatic. Long, fat hose is tied with one end to lorry and the other one is dug in the ground. Distorted sound of fluid being sucked in, off. Pit exits the lorry and sits on the hose)

P: Suck, suck it, suck it goddamit, wow baby! Suck it!!!

Ž(off): Get out, Rile, quake's gonna kill us!

R(off): Alrighty then!

(Mile runs out of OBJECT 3. He is in no hurry. Gile, Rile, & Živana, all in panic, are rushing out, wearing pijamas. Gile is running out, wearing boxer shorts and helmet)

M: What are you, Gile, commando-exhibitionist?

G: I am member of National Guard and I thought it was bombing.

R: You are real war dog.

G: War is good for health and business. At least I wasn't pussy serving civil service..

R: At least I didn't slaughtter!

G: Are you talking to me!?

(New quaking, both of them land on their asses)

P(singing): »Amazing grace, how bla, bla, bla,

that saved a wretch like me,

Once I was lost but now I'm found,

was blind but now I see!«

R: This Yankee has lost his inner self!

Ž: You mean went bananas?!

P: Suck, suck, yeah baby, suck it to me, mmmm, love my girl! (rapping) Cum, cum, cum, cum, my baby!

(M. tries to stand before Pit. Pit is riding on hose, making rodeo tricks, waving with his hat)

P(peva): »Rolling, rolling, rolling, raw hide!«

R: Why did we vote for this lunatic? To bring us another one?

M: Bollocks, my fair citizens! I say: bollocks!

P: Hyaaaaa!

R: Do you ever listen to yourself!?

M: Never! God forbid if I ever do! So, Mr. Pit is rejoicing and so you have to rejoice because new phase in development of our country has begun!

R: New phase, known as Armagedon.

G: It's more like Apocalypse to me.

M: No, no, no and thousand times no! It is not the end for our country but a fresh start!

R: Fresh start? Weith what?

M: With exploitation of water in behalf of our MR. Pit! Earth shakes, Corridorians fall on their booties once again)

P: Yippikaye, motherfuckers!

G: He has jumped over us us over and over like kitten does to flowers!

R: What.

G: Odl Corridorian saying. It means we are fucked!

Ž: Look, turbulence made my tree of life shrink!

G: Aha, it has lost its herbal lice.

M: Citizens, pay no heed to cataclism, look into the face of our future!!

R: I am shocked and appauled!!

M(Imitating:) Shocked and appauled!! Our country is just above the enormous quantities of water. Do you realise what the profit is? For every litre Pit diggs out we get 15 mililitres.

R: That's modern slavery.

G: Aye!

Ž: This time you are right and I hate you for it!

M: Nowadays the world is draining out and Corridor 13 is above 10 000 lakes. Corridor 13 is, like, Finland of underground lakes! Yes, we are Finland turned upside down!

R: Nice, but I'll start collecting petition against this monster that is threatening to kill us all..

Ž: Rile, are you crazy? What the petition is for?

R: I 'll send it to United nations.

G: It will be better use to send your petition to Mars. No time for screwing around!

Ž: Yeap! No screwing for you, mister!

R: Živana!

M: Dear citizens, you don't get it! World is loosing oil, and someday, it will switch to solar power! When Sun loses its power we will warm ourselves with ,dunno, frozen shit, but we cannot live without water.

R: Draining ourselves and watering The States, that's your aim?

Ž: Finally you got it right!

M: And the point is?

G: Turn off that shit unless you want us to die! All of us!

R&Ž: Yeah!

(They walk towards the hose and Pit.Mile blocks their path)

M: This is a private property! I've sold the concessions!

R: Ah, if that's so we can't do anything!

Ž: Rile, where's your revolutionary spirit?

R: My family, they were monarchists.

G: And my family, they were Antichrists!

(Gile rushes to OBJECT 1, takes out a shotgun and points it to Mile)

G: Out of my way, Mile, or I'll think that you are last year's swan!

R: Last endemical species that you killed and ate?

G: Exactly.

(Gile puts his finger on a trigger)

M:I am outnumbered and I will let you have your own way.

Vox populi-vox Dei!

(Corridorians put Pit on the ground)

P: Leave me alone! Don't do that! I am American citizen, don't touch me, you filthy savage bastards!

M: Gile, let him go!He's an American!

Ž: Yeah, don't touch him! Maybe he's got rabies or something!

G: No way, Mile!

M: Why?

G: I love more to fight than to eat and more to screw up something than to fix it. It's in my nature!

M:Please, don't! Gimme your word!

G:Words never obliged me!

(Pit is resisting, goofilly. Gile lays him down, kicks his ass and Pit runs to lorry. Mile tries to say something but Gile points his gun at him and he rushes behind the lorry and watches Živana and Rile pulling out the hose from the ground. They are too weak for that. Gile joins them, grabs Živana's tits, then ass, then waist and they pull out the hose)

G: Done!

G&R&Ž: *Pobeda je naša!* Victory is ours!

(The door of lorry opens and Pit, with pointed magnum 45 steps out)

P: You can ask yourself one question,punks: do I feel lucky?

(Gile drops the gun)

G:We surrender, we surrender so much!

Ž:Hit him, he is the real opposition!

R: Hit me but first wait untill I hit my wife.For the old time sakes.

(Pit fires three time in the air)

P: Yihaaaaaaaaaa!

(Corriodorinas start running, everyone to his own object.

Mile is approaching to Pit in «I am sorry» kind of way)

P:You are lucky I didn't shoot you! Thank God you are white!

M: Eh, mister Pit, my people, they are not fit for democracy. If I could clone myself into thousand replicants, that will be democracy alright. This way I have no choice - electoral body is scum concieved by someone else and you know the old Corridorian saying: life is rulling where the dick wants it to be

(Pit strikes him.Struggle in OBJECT 2, Rile's cries)

Ž(off): You wanna hit me, you pussy!

R(off):Not ears!Živanaaaaaaaaa!

(Pit approaches, Mile backs down)

P(singing):« It was kung-fu fighting,
Ta-nanananana!«

M:No,Mr. Pit, let me explain!

P: I've listened long enough and I am sick of excuses!

M: I told you of possibility of collateral dammage.

P:I know what you said. It was something like: Corridorians are small, obedient and we'll have no trouble. And what happened?Fucking revolution!

M:Well, this is usual for these parts. Fighting guerilla tradition,you know!

P: You also said that even if shit hits the fan there will be no serious damage!

M: So?

P: So? So the lunatics have just destroyed my hose! Do you have any idea how much it costs?

M: More than cadillac and less than space shuttle?

P: You said that they are weak, corrupted people and I see a bunch of pissed off savages. Listen, my time and patience are both running out. I ain't gonna kill them all but, you Mile, you cheating bastard...

M: Don't!

P: Must to. I have an itchy finger, you know. Besides, this is an old amo and I will shoot it all, up your ass, with no chance for ressurection!

(Pit strikes Mile, sits on his chest and puts his gun on Mile's forehead)

P: You brown ass goes down!

M: But, I am white, for God's sake!

(Pause)

P: Ok! Let's make a deal!

(Dark)

Third scene.

(Corridor 13, half dark.Crickets, off. Light is on Gile's object. Mile crawls from dark with black plastic bag. He is looking around him, checking the air is clean, he knocks on Gile's object)

G(off): Who the fuck is now?

M(squeaky): It's me, Mile!

G(off): AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN!

M: Why not?

G(off):I will open and Yank will shoot my sniffer!

M: If he wanted to he could've destroyed with one of his smart bombs both you and your can you're living in 15 hours ago!

G(off): So, what does he want?

M:Gentlemen's agreement!Business!

G(off): Nope.

M:Come out,won't do you no harm.

G(off): Stand before the door so I can see you.

M:Sure.

Mile stands before the door. Strong beam of flashlight falls on his face and then Gile's shotgun leans on on his forehead and, following it, exits Gile. He is looking around, nervously)

G: No trick?

M: Nope. Believe me now?

G: Believing politician is like going to nudist beach filled with crabs.

M:Ok,I am cheating but it is not against your interest.

G:That makes sence.

M:Put the gun away so we can talk.

(Gile moves barrel away for about 20 centimetres)

G:Is that better? Talk!

M: Look, tomorrow is great day for our nation. We are re-opening water exploitation.

G:World has never seen smaller country and bigger day the same time.

M:Rightly so..

G:And we will unplug him.

M: Not if you ask nation's spokesman.

G: Who is he?

M: You. You started the revolution.

G:No,I was only extracting. What's in the bag?

M:Now you speak with my tongue.

(Mile gives him bag. Gile opens it)

G: Are you screwing with me?

M: Too little?

G: Of course it is. It is less than that. It is vomit, melted icecream, soda pop and more vomit!

M:Oh, I forgot. I keep everything in the trunk.

G: What's everything?

M: Bad food, corpses, money. Wait a sec!

(Mile grabs the bag, runs to the dark and gets back with identical bag)

G: What's now? Urine sample? Excrement maybe?

M: Just look at it.

(Gile looks, mildly screams then looks again)

M: Fancy that?

G: Marvelous.

M: 50 000 times marvelous.

G: For what?

M: Crash the revolution inside. Vote for exploitation on referendum.

G: Should I vote more than once?

M: Gile, Gile, these times are not the old, totalitarian ones. One vote is enough.

G: Oh, great. I hate all that signing and writing.

M: We gotta deal?

G: Fucking A One.

M: Vote smartly. Vote for Corridors future.

(Mile pats his shoulder cordially and runs to his place. Gile looks around him, puts bag on his shoulder, rushes to the »frontier«. He stops at the edge. Makes several quick moves towards the borderline with his leg)

Woman's voice(off): Access denied, access denied, access denied, access denied!

(Gile stops, counts to five, and jumps over the line. He rushes to the dark and then quickly returns, with no cash, leaping over the border in ballet manner. Then he crawls back into his object. OBJECT 2: Rile comes, out, filled with poetry and horror.)

R: There is something in this night that makes me feel uncomfortable.

Ž(off): Night as elsewhere, only it's better in Paris.

R: No, Živana, I feel something uncomfortable. I feel strange, sordid events! I feel weltshcmertz! I feel it's the end of time! It's here, right here!

(Živana exits)

Ž(imitating): It's here, right here! You are the only uncomfortable thing here!

R: I have a feeling that our ancestors had before the great battles.

Ž: They lost their battles, all of them. Come, you will get all cold, slobbery and slimy and I will have to wipe after you.

R: You have a mmotherly relation towards me.

Ž: Obviously you never met your mother.

R: The world is getting smaller, it's shrinking.

Ž: So is your brain.

(Rile puts his ear on the ground)

R: Do you hear how surface of Mother Earth, Gea, cracks, aching for not accepting us for what we are. It aches because of our wars, drills, overkills, whole in ozone layer, industries and strip-bars!

Ž: Is that what you need, naked chicks? Get yourself here!

R: You never understood me.

Ž(mildly): Nope and, boy, how I tried.

R: Thanks.

(Rile kisses her)

Ž: How come?

R: If this is the last night on Earth...

Ž: Kiss me! Again!

R:...and if undescrivable darkness is calling upon us and the planets are nothing but the crumbs on Kronose's and being turns to unbeing...

(Živana grabs him)

Ž:(singing) Talk to me like lovers do!

R: Eurhythms? Phew!

Ž:*Ćuti i sarađuj!* Shut a fuck up and cooperate!

(Živana kisses him, like Humphrey Bogart kisses Ingrid Bergman. Dark)

Fourth scene

(Scene is all in yellowish, dirty light. OBJECT 3 is voting post.Rile, Živana (kising, holding hands) & Gile are standing in a row. Pit is standing by the Mile. Icecream music: "Living in America", James Brown)

Mile: May God save Corridor for ever and ever! Today before our citizens is important decision, whether to vote for or

against exploitation of water by Mr. Pit. Considering that electoral silence is still taking place I will say no more but that you have to chose between dark past of poverty and bright future outside the transition period, filled with dollars and luxury. Our DJ and observer from USA Mr.Pit will make sure that the democratic procedure... works.

(Mile claps Pit who is waving back in presidential manner, and takes Richard Nixon pose, showing victory sign)

P: I've never been a quitter!

(Pit smiles to Živana. Everyone sees that. Pit makes Clinton - pose)

P: I had never, I repeat I have never had a sexual congress with this woman!

G:Yeah, sure! Neither did I!

(Rale gives Gile a strange look)

M: Start scribbling and spraying. Now!

(Mile is spraying and enlisting every voter. Rile approaches)

R: I'm not on the list!

M:We'll better check out!

Ž:Hurry up,Mile, my lunch will burn out!

P: Enlist him you moron! You don't have to be so fucking obvious!

(Mile looks,shocked,at Pit and enlists Rile)

M:Statistics, you never can tell! Rile,you are in.Please, approach to voting box.

(Corridorians vote: Živana, Rile and Gile. Mile gives a longer glance to Gile)

M: OK! At the end, it's me!

(Mile puts his paper in the voting box: smiles,photo-flashes, off)

M: And now, let's count the votes.

(Mile shakes out the voices)

M:Against, against, against, for?!

(Mile is miming to Gile with his finger on his throat that he is going to die)

M: Let's count them once more.

R: If you insist.

M:Against, against, against, for?!

R:Can I?

M:Sure. That's your right!.

(Rile counts)

R:Against, against, against, for! We won!

(Rile hugs Živana, pieces of newspapers are falling down, tapes ,ribbons, brass band is playing "March on Drina", fireworks,off. Mile chases Gile. They are running around the OBJECT 3)

M:Stop, stop so I can kick your ass!

G: I told you that words don't oblige me!

M: You are fucking with America, you moron!

G:I am only fucking big time!

(Gile runs by Pit. Pit trips him and he falls down. Mile starts kicking Gile. Rile & Živana separate them)

M: You're a dead man!

R: Where is your democratic vocabular?

M: Go to States and search for it! Gile,I will get ya!

(Pit approaches Mile from the back, grabs his mouth and pulls him to lorry. Mile's cries, off.Corridorians are laughing. Fighting within lorry stops. Mile steps out,all dizzy and beaten up)

M: Dear citizens, I accept your free will expressed on this referendum and pardon my language of hate that I used on this occasion.

G: Guess you brought back your democratic vocabular from States.

Ž: Vocabular and bruises!

G: Hey, politician, was Yank nice to you ,considering this was you first time? Oh, please be gentle!

M:I'll kill him, swear to God!

(Pit grabs Mile and drags him into lorry. Mile's cries, off)

G:Americans! You vote against them and they kick asses of their supporters!

Ž: Maybe they love it that way?

R:The one loved by the God is also the one that is tested and smitten by God!

G: So,what shall we do now?

R:Dunno for you but I am going to hibernate with my wife.

(Rile marilly slaps his wife's bottom and they run into OBJECT 2. Mile comes out of a lorry)

M: Dear citizens!

G: The ones that are screwing like jackrabitts.

M:: You...

(Mile waves weakly with his hand)

M: Forget it, it's all busted anyway.

(Mile makes few leaps and falls to the ground)

M: You fools! Yanks want to bribe you and you...Youn don't get that we are in jeopardy!If you weren't Europeans you'll be riding with Manitu long time ago but,there's still a chance to die, you, you,you destruction cravers!

G: That's part of our spirit. Corridorians have deathwish in their blood.

M: Oh,Gile,I would beat you to death if only I wasn't beaten to death!

G: Shame. Wait, I will...

(Mile starts weeping. Gile gets back with water and towels)

G: Steady, this will hurt.

M: Ouch! I cannot be disinfected. I am walking - talking infection, just like you, Živana and Rile! They should exterminate us like cockroaches, to make us not to be, to wipe our seed from the face of the Earth! What kind of people are we?!

G: The same as others. We resist when somebody tries to colonise us.

M: This shit? Colonising? Fighting States? It's like mouse humping the elephant!

G: I know that joke: Elephant farts and mouse screams: Yeah! Die, baby!

M: Idiots, what are you afraid of? Your houses will fall down? You'll build new ones! No ground underneath your feet? Move to another state - this land is stinking hole anyway!

G: Stop shitting on your native soil.

M: I shit on it and on futile tit that gave me mothers milk! Small countries make small people!

G: Small country and you are big? Huh?! You are small change. Here you are statesman, diplomat, you have your seat in UN but in States... They have 300 million of them like you. What about China? One billion and something! People that wipe streets in these countries will get their asses wiped by us!

M: Right! If someone should be patriot it is me - the one who is sucking out blood from this country!

G: You got my point.

M: But, I can't chase away Pit.

G: Who said you have to?

M: What?

G: Who said you have to chase him away?

M: Then what?

G:Your money - my solution.

M: I knew it. Do you see, Corridor, what kind of people is guiding your destiny.

G:Quit the bulshitting and gimme cash.

M: Who the hell you think you are?

G:I am businessman and what you are-that's the stuff no one discovered.

(Pause)

M: How much?

G: 20 grands right now, 20 grands afterwards.

(Mile goes to the car, opens the trunk and gives a black bag to Gile)

M: So?

G: So what?

M: What shall I do?

G: Bribe the honest one.

M:I gave you 20 thousand to bribe the unbriable one?

G: I didn't say he cannot be bought just that he is fair .Once you pay him - you own him.

M: Aha. Rile won't accept .

G: Wife. Get his woman and you'll get him.

M: She loves money?

G:She loves the tuna - she won't say no to money.

Corruption, man. You are politician, I don't have to teach you how payola is done!

M:Oh, thanks!Wait! They are attached to each other! How should I sepparate them?

G:She was bragging that she can sniff big money on the kilometer. Use some money and...

M:Great! I'll make you ambassador in Paris!

G: No problem. Done worse jobs than that.

(Mile, enlightened, moves to OBJECT 3)

G: What about other 20 000?

M: No can do but I gotta something better.

G: What?

M: I won't tell to Corridorians that you sold out.

(Mile enters his object and waves to Gile. Neon lights light up on lorry. Music: "Viva las Vegas", Elvis Presley. Doors open. it, in pink outfit, waving with his hand like neon cowboy in Vegas, standing on the doorway. Gile runs to lorry. Pit closes door behind his back with devilish smile. Mile exits his object with money in his hand. He sneaks to OBJECT 2, stands in front of it, waving with banknotes. Živana comes out with eyes closed, hands outstretched, sleepwalking)

M: Gotcha at last!

(Živana wakes up)

M: Živana, are you alright?

(Živana slaps him)

Ž: Shame on you, luring an honest woman!

M: Honest woman would've turned down this offer.

(He passes money in front of her nose)

M: Or should I look for crooked one?

Ž: Don't! Crooked one didn't deserve it, no?

M: Think about pilates, depilation, waxing, perfumes, parties, champagne dizziness, cocaine decisions.

Ž: What do you want me to do?

M: Sounds like you gonna give me anything.

Ž: Nope, just asking.

M: What about a rain, what about a greenish shower?

(Mile is sipping bills on extatic Živana)

M: Will ya?

Ž: Just say so.

M: Will you pick'em up?

(Živana falls on her knees, picking up bills with her mouth, like a dog)

M: Enoguh. Gonna make a big business, OK?

Ž: Woof, woof!

M:Let's go sompelace comfortable and isolated!

(Mile puts the leesh on her neck and drags her to his OBJECT 3. He takes off happy familly poster from its wall)

M:Don't worry, they are visiting her parents..

(They enter his object. Gile comes out of lorry, lost, in his underpants)

G:Never gamble with a Yank!

(Gile goes to his OBJECT, takes out a shotgun, takes out his sock, puts his foot toe on the trigger. Turns the barrel to his mouths. OBJECT 2: doors open. Rile looks through them)

R: Don't do it. It's absurd.

G: Awake? Now?

R:Been writing protest letter against States to Amnesty International.

G: No use.

R: Yeah, but I am going to do it anyway.

G: Okidokie and, now,can I die in peace, please? Am I asking too much?

R: I know.

G: What do you know?

R: I'm a man too, even though I am cosmosophe, rejoicing soul's floating and verbal masturbation. I envy you.

G:You envy me?

R: You have gun and choice.

G: Like you don't have anything?

R:I do. A whore for a wife.

G: I agree. It's better to be peniless than that.

R: I agree. Wait. Here I come.

G: OK, I'll wait. I have eternity to kill myself..

(Rile comes out, sits behind Gile, presses his forehead to his back of the head, holds him with his arms around the belt)

R:Wilderness, anywhere I look- wilderness. Živana doesn't get it. If she could only understand that I am in narrow, one way stret.

G:Stop wanking and prepare to die. If you continue with this shit I won't share my bullet with you!

R: Shoot then!

G: Just a sec.

(Pause)

G: It's sweating. My frigging finger. I usually have dry, dried out skin and now it's sweating. It may slip...

R: Go ahead, shoot!

(Gile quivers and then drops the gun. He cries. They embrace each other)

G:I am not a good businessman!

R:I am pathetic husband!

G:Ain't got no soul!

R: Ain't got no money!

G:Ain't got no money and soul!

R: I am useless pimp!

G&R: *Kukuuuuu,lellllleeeeeee!Boooooohooooooo!*

(They weep for a while)

G: Bro, why should we kill each other? It is world's fault, not ours! Yanks are guilty, not us!

M: Read Yaspers. There is no thing as guilt of nation.

G: Now it is going to be that way. I am judge, I am the jury.

(Gile fires out, bullet is ricocheting from Liberty Statue, hits other pinadas and flies over Rile's head. Notice: this can't be seen but demands special choreography, combined with sound effects)

R: Watch it, you could've killed us!

G: If I did it a minute ago you would've said "Thanks Gile".

R: Minute was minute and I could not say anything, being dead.

(Pause)

G: Sorry. Again.

R: We said a lot, cried a lot...

G: Don't tell a living soul about this.

R: What? It's forgotten. You are kind man.

G: You are full of shit, just like I am.

R: True.

G: I'm off to bed. These suicide attempts make me so depressive.

R: I'm off too.

(They both enter their objects. Pit comes out of lorry, wearing pink outfit, with hands high in the air)

P: In greed we trust! House always wins!

(Dark)

Fifth scene

(Scene has the same lights as 1st one. Lorry has inscription: U.S. embassy. White fence is surrounding lorry. Lorry is placed in the middle of scene, almost cutting it in two halves. OBJECT 2: next to the tree of life sits, on object, typing, Rile. Shutter is raised and Pit looks through it and makes few photos with his camera. Rile shakes, looks towards lorry and shutter shuts. Rale continues his work. Živana comes out with basket filled with wet laundry. She is trying to stretch her rope from OBJECT 2 to OBJECT 1 but lorry is blocking her)

Ž: What's this?

R: Americans have proclaimed Pit's lorry for their embassy this morning and Mile agreed. Pit is an ambassador.

Ž: No shit! He can be ambassador for 100 times but he can't stop me drying my laundry!

R: Yes he can.

Ž: How come?

R: Extraterritoriality or something. Embassy is state within a state, America within Corridor.

Ž: It means that there is no more our country! Can't cross the border, can't jump the freaking fence, can't even dry my laundry, what the fuck am I supposed to do!?

(Pit is filming her with his camera)

Ž: Oh, you are filming now , you Western perv?! Shoot this, motherfucker!

(Živana lifts up her skirt)

P: Wow, baby!

(Živana fixes her hair a bit. She is flattered. Then she turns to Rile, who is occupied with his work. Živana puts laundry on the roof of object. She is shaking her ass, watching whether Pit is filming her or not)

Ž: Do you see this perv filming me?

R: Aha.

Ž: Are you jealous?

R: You've already slept with Gile and Mile so why not with Pit?

Ž: Pit is not one of our own!

R: Don't be xenophobic!

Ž: Why, you...

(Rile turns to her suddenly, trying to say something and accidentally pushes tree of life to ground, it breaks.

Pause. Živana starts weeping)

Ž: You've fucked up my tree of life!

R: It looks more like rotten turnip to me.

(Živana grabs the plant and starts beating Rile with it)

Ž: Now you'll die! I will turn you into a rotting cadaver that is so rotten that it can rot no more!

R: Živana, stop, I'll have lice, buggs, slime disease!!

Ž: Slime disease? You've just invented it, you bugger!

(Mile arrives in his car)

M: G'day.

Ž: Bad timing.

(Mile drives back. Živana changes her mood. She tries to shake off earth from Rile's hair)

R: Whutsup?

Ž: Whutsup? Don't speak like a thug. Doesn't woman have a right to fix her man's clothes.

R: I'm fixed up already, don't bother yourself.

Ž: Get serious, Rile. There is no time for little things but only for major steps.

R: I don't get it.

Ž: You have to decide between your scribbling and your marriage.

R: It is interesting that you started dispute about this issue 'cause I've just finished my work where I have, on pure metaphisical bases, proven that our marriage has no sense. Because, if you are woman as you are and I am a man that I am then we keep spending time with opposite persons.

Ž: So, you are trying to say that you are gay? Ok.

R: NO, I mean, this situation desintegrates our inner harmony and, considering that our carnal pleasures didn't get you pregnant there is only one solution: divorce.

Ž: Rile!

R: That's what you want, no? OK: you take lower part and I'll take higher part of object, I'll keep the dishes, you

keep lounge and I'll forgive you stealing my Louisville slugger. So, we are settled.

(Mile drives in)

Ž: Definitely no.

(Mile drives back)

Ž: No, I don't want a divorce. Here, Rile, we had sex few nights ago?

R: Yes, but, breasts, pussy, legs-it's all so, dunno, limited.

Ž: And buttocks are unlimited? Someone else's I mean? Rile, there is nothing else.

R: I don't want to hear more of it. I am in higher, non-carnal spheres.

Ž: Wasn't good enough for you, is that it?

R: I am through with terrestrial and carnal. Now there are only my works and me.

Ž: But these works need to be printed and print needs money. If you want to be famous you have to pay, baby! This country is flea market and everyone sells what they got: body, lies, asswipe or honesty! You haven't sold out your honesty! Yet! Do you think you're better than us?

R: Sure! It is sine qua non.

Ž: Well, then pay sine qua and other books.

R: Yes, I have to get money, I have to pay, world is a market. How come I didn't think about it before?

Ž: So, where will you get your money?

R: From my works.

Ž: Non-published works, you mean.

R: Ahh, my presumption is wrong and you are right.

Ž: Oh, what an educated fool you are. What made me marry you?

R: You loved my phrases.

Ž: Oh, yes. Got me on that one.

(Mile arrives)

M: Now?

Ž: Now.

M: Rile, I have an honour to stand before the great intellectual, philosophe, free thinker...

R: Cosmosophe.

M: And that too. I have a good, gentleman's offer for you.

R: Yes?

M: I want to bribe you.

R: Really?

M: In rich manner, too. I want you to know that our authorities appreciate science.

R: I am shocked.

M: It was my intention.

Ž: Please, listen to him!

R: OK. Do go on.

M: Well, let's put it this way.

(Mile is acting like tv-teleshop commercial host)

M: We offer you this wonderful, fast, ultra-super-turbo-magnetic-vibro car, led-not free ecological vehicle. Here are 5 CD's, 2 computers, James Bond self-protection set, as well as whiskey galore in minibar.

R: For self-deceiving I presume.

Ž: But, that's not all?

M: You are absolutely right. There are 50 000 \$ in the trunk and two airplane tickets for...

(Mile shows towards Eiffel Tower piñada. French theme, accordion: "Sur le ciel de Paris")

M: ...Paris, for two persons, and these keys await you.

(Mile takes large keys from his pocket)

M: As well as embassy that can be opened with it. Servants are already waiting for our monsieur ambassador and his ravishing wife!

R: You've gone a long way with this, didn't you?

M: It lasts 'till the end of your life and back! Benefits and time of service I mean.

R: Weeeeell, I don't know...

Ž: Say yes!!!

R: My moral Universe is facing its big-bang!

M: Whatever.

R: Are you buying me?

M: Yes.

R: Then I give you my word: I am yours from now on. You bought me. Congratulations!

M: Please, fall on my bosom!

(They embrace. Živana is happy)

Ž: Rile, you really have Corridorian blod in you! It's a miracle!

M: So, you'll know what to do tomorrow?

R: We'll vote for exploitation.

M: Rightly so. May God save Corridor!

Ž&R: Forever and ever!

(Mile leaves)

Ž: We're going to Paris, we're going to Paris!

R(changed): Got my point?

Ž: Wha'?

R: Selling out, it all depends of moment, for example: I have waited for so long for all of you to start whoring. I was the last and my honesty costed them 20 times more then yours.

Ž: Rile, baby!

(Rile pushes her away and starts typing)

Ž: What are you doing?

R:I feel guilt!

Ž:You and your guilt! When you go together for rampage you always screw up something!

R:Babes, I have just made a complete slimebag out of myself and I have to justify myself in the first part of my memoirs.

Ž: Stop typing.

R: Later on. After the 1st chapter and list of perverted things you have to perform in bed. I won't take you to Paris just for show, you know!

Ž: You said you don't need physical stuff?

R:Didn't feel like it but now . I am Rodin's "Thinker" with huge erection!

Ž: Ok, molest me, hurt me, whip me just take me to Paris, my macho man!

(Gile drags out from his OBJEXCT 1, drunk as a nun, wearing only boxer shorts)

G: Hey, cousins, brothers, sisters, uncles! Help me!

(Gile vomits)

G: Gimme some doe for booze, ain't gotta nothing, not even a breadline and I'm kaput!

R: Ain't got any. Sorry.

G: Corridorian, my only brother! How come you don't have? And this nice vehicle? And golden keys? We wept on each others shoulder yesterday, *brate rođeni*! Yesterday-my only brother!

R:Yesterday is yesterday, today is today and time has no absolute, *brate rođeni*!

Ž: Get out, Gile.You are stinking up this honest house.

G: Honest house? I piss on it! He bought you!

(Rile stops typing)

G: Me, you, him, them, everybody! Bought, sold out, on the market we live, on the market we sell ourselves as slaves. Slavs as slaves, nice huh? Market shall make us die! Listen up, my hands are dirty, been smuggling, cheating, beating, threatning, blackmailing! I am true scum of the Earth! But, so are you, you and the rest of the world! That's the reason why we are still here-natural selection, only the worst can survive: shmuck like you or whore like you or sleezeball like Mile! We killed them, made them emigrate, them-the really best ones! Their ghosts are still here! Drink up and you will see them too! So long, suckers! Losers!

(Gile wanders off to his OBJECT 1 and falls over it, with his bum towards the audience and hands outstretched to the curtain. Rile sighs and puts his typewriter in object)

Ž: Aren't you gonna justify yourself?

R: To whome?

(Dark)

Sixth scene

(Over the Corridor is blue-red-white Moon (colours of Serbian banner), glistening as disco-ball. Mile & Pit are on the shiny roof of lorry with their trumpets and champagne on ice. Pit pats Mile)

P: You've bought the honest one? Congrats!

M: You'll see, tomorrow everything will be smooth as butter and silk! But, I must ask this: why didn't you keep scaring them and finished the job?

P: That's not an American way. And, if so, your services wouldn't be needed here.

(Pause)

P: Would you like to dance with me?

M: No thanks.

P: I never experimented before but, tonight, I am really in the mood.

M: No, not really.

P: What if I tell you that your eyes have a certain glow tonight?

M: Ah, I don't think so.

P: You are too modest.

M: Yes, but anyway, you don't have reasons to worry about.

P: Glad to hear that because us Americans, well, we are sentimentally attached to our guns..

M: Like Charlton Heston is. P: You belong to nation of warriors, you'll understand.

M: Certainly.

P: You can understand that I don't want to waste my ammunition on your citizens.

M: I understand although I don't know what your amo has to do with democratic procedure.

P: It's a funny, twisted world, dear Mile. Sometimes, looking for oil or water you find democracy and sometimes it's vice versa. But sometimes, it really doesn't matter. All that matters is treasure and lives of citizens are insignificant. Face it: in blood we trust!

M: I get it. Everything will be OK.

P: It better be. Champagne?

M: Yes please.

(They cheer, they drink. Pit blows trumpet couple of times than starts "Moonlight Serenade" and then stops)

P: C'mon! I know you like jazz!

(Mile starts playing. They are good duet. Mile's parts sounds like Serb folk music. NEON INSCRIPTION ON LORRY: "MUSICAL INTERMEZZO". -beam projections on drapes: Bosnia, Croatia, Kosovo, Vietnam, Korea, Chile, Iraq. Piñadas are rotating around Pit& Mile. Dark)

Seventh scene

(Scene has the same light as the 4th. Electional unit 1 is at Mile's OBJECT 1. Pit is observer. Gile is drunk, wearing only underwear. Živana, is there, standing in line. Gile and Živana are holding their voting papers)

M: Dear citizens, you know the rules, so, just put it in the box.

G: Where's your spouse?

Ž: Home. Suffering from teleological sickness. Bulshitting-to translate it in Corridorian.

(Živana & Gile put their votes into the box. Mile votes last)

M: So, it's time to close this voting post!

(OBJECT 2: Rile exits object, pompous, elegant)

R: I still haven't voted!

M: Ah, yes, sure, vote, do go on, that's democracy-no investment and lots in return!

(Rile votes. Mile opens the box)

M: One against, two for, one against?! Two-two?!!!

R: Not enough for exploitation I guess?

(Pit is shaking)

M: Who betrayed now? Živana!

(Rile takes money from his pocket and throws it in Mile's face)

P: Oh, my God!

R: I did!

Ž: You idiot, what have you done to me?!

R: I am against, totally and with no further excuses. This man made me think over again. I felt sorry about my actions thanks to his mild words. I stopped one leap before I fell into my moral abyss.

(Rile hugs Gile)

M: Gile, you cheat! You made a deal with him, didn't you?

G: Nope, I wanted to vote for you but I missed the right place. Fuck it, you promised me whisky and Indian polio rugs if I vote for, remember?

R: You have disappointed me, Gile! Me, throwing a bribe like that.

(Živana starts collecting bills from the floor)

Ž: He didn't throw it away, see, I got the money. He didn't throw it, he just dropped it on purpose.

R: No, woman, I threw it into faces of Mile...

(Approaches to Pit)

R: ... and Mr. Pit, if that's his real name. I knew how many moral and ethical dead-ends I will find on my long and thorny path so, yes, I yielded before the temptation. But now I am this close to redemption! Per aspera ad astra!

G: Nice story!

Ž: And great bullshit.

R: Now, from these parts of Europe, again you here, for the second time, historical N-O! So, I say to you: here are the cars, here are the keys, embassies, here is pitiful price of betrayal of Corridor: here are miserable 25 000 \$!

(Pause)

M: Bullshit, I gave you 50!

P: Bullshit, I gave you 100!

G: Hey, where's my whisky and blankets !?

M: At Pit's. Mr. Pit!

(Pit pushes him away)

P: Step back or I'll kill ya all!

(Everybody steps back. Pit packs up fence and puts everything in the lorry)

G: Hey Yank, gimme blanky, goddamit!

Ž: Pit, honey, take me with you!

R: Vade retro, Satana!

M: Mr. Pit, get back! Your eyes are shining too!

(Lorry runs out of a stage. Pause)

Ž: Happy now?

M: There goes our centurie's deal!

G: Bugger!

(Everyone starts beating up Rile)

R: Kick me, hit me my brothers,sisters. My body is unearthly, non-material,it is only superficial and my mission is misunderstood. Many great men where slained because of human ignorance: Copernicus, Galileo Galilei, Christ, Giordano Bruno.I am dying in behalf of sacrifice for better, noble society,for better space, for cosmosophy!

Ž: Shoot that son of a bitch.

G: Gotcha.

(Gile goes to OBJECT 1 pulls out the gun,returns and aims)

G: Now you're dead!

(Humm, off)

M: Hear that?

Ž: Sounds familiar.

G: To me too.

M: Pit is back.Assume the position. Živana,meet him as a liberator, with bread& salt & tuna.You,Gile,put your uniform on and stand still.

G: Aye,sir!

(Gile goes to OBJECT 1)

M: Where do you think you're going? Put Rile under custody.Later on we'll shoot him fair and square.

R: My time will come, someday.

M: Say yesterday?

(Gile i Živana lock Rile up in OBJECT 2. Gile grabs his uniform,puts it on, Živana opens tuna can. Mile fixes clothes,cleaing up his throat and they do it in robotised manner They line up. Lorry appears, masked up in desert fashion a la Iraq. Machine gun is on its roof.Pit stands holding machine gun. Masked soldier is driving the lorry)

M: Welcome, dear liberators! We greet you, without antimaterialist and communist burden on our back! We are thrilled and dazzled with your language, fast food restaurants, music, culture, marines, infantry and cowboys, airforces, love for democracy, your Hollywood, your San Fernando valley of porn, your...

P: Cut the crap!

Ž: It doesn't sound right.

G: No shit!

P: Hey, morons! I'm talking to you, motherfuckers! You are absolutely worthless, hear me? You ain't worth a shit! Got it? You don't have any utilitarian value! What do you make? Nothing but debts! You just steal, beg, smuggle, make cheap bargains with your faces of carpet beggars! You have the riches you don't appreciate! You despise foreigners and kiss their asses at the same time! You kill and hug each other at the same time! You are superficial, self indulgent bastards! You are contradictory idiots worse than Zorba the Greek!

M: But we can change.

Ž: I'll quit whoring and become a secretary.

G: I'll start visiting Alcoholics Anonymous meetings.

P: Stop that! Long time ago I thought to make something of you. Like, mercenaries. Foreign legion was aching for you! How wrong was I! Haven't seen worse soldiers on planet! Cowards, spoiled, ill disciplined, lazy, dirty! I'll kill the guy that told me you are natural born soldiers! I'll throw him in the keg filled with rattlesnakes! I even thought to recommend you to President as an important link in anti-terrorist war, to be part of new crusades and it wasn't worth a shit! You are bunch of hasbeens! I don't even want to fuck you, you miserable link in food chain! I'd

grind you in dog food if there was only one dog strong
enough to digest you!

(Pit puts a round in his machine gun)

M: Wait Pit, you wouldn't!

P: God has sent me to do his will and I just have to do it,
the Old Testament way, with fire and fury!

CORRIDORIANS: Why?

P: Why? Because: In God we trust!

(Pit is laughing frantically as people & objects fall down
under bullets. Piñadas are bursting out, red dust drips
from them and covers ground. Dark)

/THE END/

